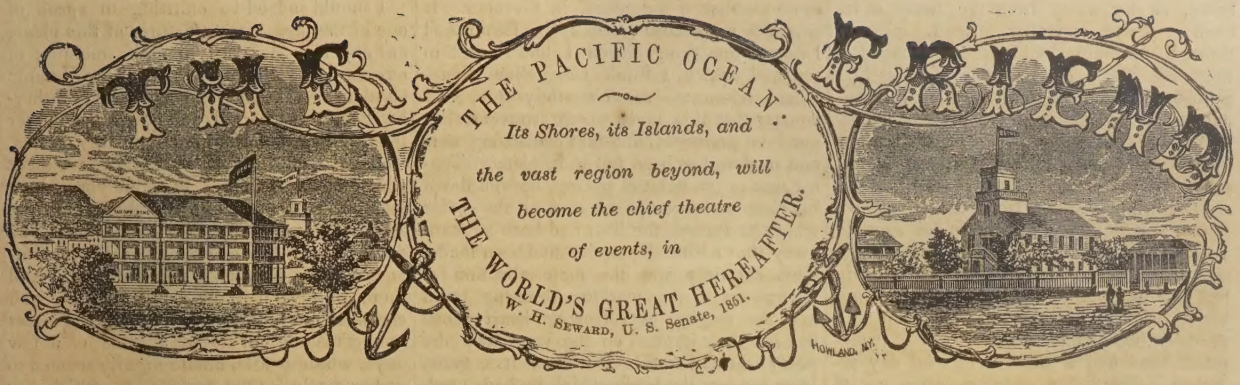
THE PACIFIC OCEAN
Its Shores, its Islands, and
the vast region beyond, will
become the chief theatre
of events, in
THE WORLD'S GREAT HEREAFTER.
W. H. SEWARD, U. S. Senate, 1851.

New Series, No. 4, Vol. 28.} HONOLULU, APRIL 1, 1879. {Old Series, Vol. 36.

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THE FRIEND.

APRIL 1, 1879.

Foreign Church at Kohala, Hawaii.

For some years there has been preaching in English at Kohala, by the Rev. Mr. Bond, in a neat church edifice erected by the foreigners in that locality. The work in English and Hawaiian was too laborous for the missionary who has labored there during the past forty years. With the increase of sugar cultivation, now supplying six large sugar mills, the number of foreign families called for a settled pastor. Something over one year ago, the Rev. I. W. Atherton was invited from California, a graduate of Bowdoin College in Maine, and Auburn Theological Seminary, N. Y. Under his labors a Foreign Union Church has been organized. Sabbath morning, March 23d, was designated as the season when said church should celebrate its first communion and find recognition as a church of Christ. The Fort Street and Bethel Churches of Honolulu were invited to be represented by their pastors and delegates. Only the pastors of these churches were able to attend. On Saturday a council was held at the parsonage, when the Rev. Mr. Atherton brought forward the request and action of those wishing to be organized as a Christian Church. The articles of faith and by-laws proving satisfactory, it was voted to recognize said church as a Church of Christ, in sympathy and fellowship with the Protestant Evangelical Churches of the Hawaiian Islands, associated with those acting in harmony with the Hawaiian Evangelical Association. The Rev. W. Frear was appointed to preach, and the Rev. S. C. Damon to present the fellowship of the Churches, on the following Sabbath, when the Lord's Supper should be celebrated.

On Sabbath morning, March 23d, there gathered at the church a goodly company of the foreign population of Kohala. The exercises were introduced by the Rev. Mr. Frear, Scribe, reading the minutes of the Council. Then followed singing and prayer. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Frear, in which the speaker described the organization of the first Church in Jerusalem, as stated in the second chapter of the Book of Acts. He spoke of the organization of that Church as a model Church, and although the history of the eighteen centuries presented a great variety of modifications and additions, yet there was no safer course than for Christians in the nineteenth century to go back and copy that model organization. Historic references and illustrations introduced were exceedingly apt and satisfactory.

This sermon was followed by the presentation of the fellowship of the Churches by the Rev. Mr. Damon, the Church rising with their chosen pastor and signifying their assent. Then followed the celebration of the Lord's Supper, several for the first time partaking of the elements who had then made a public professin of their faith. The exercises were closed with the benediction by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Atherton. The singing was good, and the length of the exercises was such that the Sabbath school was omitted. In the evening, public services were again held in the chapel. Most heartily we can congratulate the good people of Kohala on the establishment of this Church. The trustees and congregation have evinced much liberality in pledging their pastor support and erecting a commodious parsonage. Mrs. Atherton has opened a parish school, which is well sustained. It affords us much pleasure to note these evidences of religious prosperity at Kohala, following similar efforts at Makawao, on Maui. We trust other organizations of like nature may soon spring up at points on the Islands where foreigners are now gathering. The importance of such movements cannot be over-estimated. Unless the spiritual and religious interests of the Islands are sustained, our material prosperity will not present a healthful and hopeful outlook.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 27

A Few Weeks in Scandinavia—No. 6.

BERLIN, Jan. 29, 1879.

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF THE POET TEGNER.

I cherish among my books a dainty little volume in gold and purple bearing the title "Frithyof's Saga of Esaias Tegner," and in it I find written "In memory of a 'red letter day' at Lund, in company with Professor Tegner, grandson of the great Swedish poet—Copenhagen Aug. 17th 1878"—and with the opening of this book, come to me in my Berlin home in the midst of this snowy New Year's time, a host of pleasant memories of the day in last year's summer time when I enjoyed so much in visiting the home of the Author of this most exquisite poem. We left Copenhagen early one Saturday morning, taking the swift little steamboat across the tossing channel to Malmo, through which city we had passed some days before, coming from Germany. One can have a charming excursion in this way, the boat over early from Denmark, the day in Sweden, and back again with the evening to Copenhagen, Lund, the university town which we were planning to visit lay only a short distance from Malmo, by rail. We were there in vacation-time, and very still did this former home of Tegner seem. It has now lost much of its old glory but it is still interesting as one of the intellectual centers of Sweden. Formerly it belonged to Denmark and was during the middle ages one of the most flourishing cities in Danish possessions. Now the university the next after Upsala in Sweden, with about 500 students renders it important. We had a card to young Professor Tegner, professor of oriental languages in the University, who received us with that hearty sincerity of manner, which is so delightful here at the North. We found him surrounded by his books among which was waiting a welcoming for me which I had not anticipated. Scarcely were we seated when our host stepped to his book case and passed me the little "Hawaiian Grammar" of my respected teacher and friend Profesor W. D. Alexander, published in Honolulu and ever to be pleasantly remembered by all the boys and girls, who have endeavored to master the rudiments of the musical Hawaiian at Punahou. Like a dear and familiar face or the melody of that swetest of greeting "Aloha" seemed this little volume, in my friend's li-

brary, so far away from the home of its birth. Some traveller friend, passing through Honolulu, and remembering the linguistic tastes of Professor Tegner had purchased it and brought it home to Sweden, where I found it in its place of honor, among the books of wisdom of the Orient and the wild poetry of the Northern world. Lund, must be a charmingly pleasant, social town, if we may judge from the friends we found. Prof. Tegner brought us soon to young Professor Vikander, Professor of Physics, whom we had lately met in Berlin. He had just returned to town with his charming young bride, and as she had herself not seen the town, we planned a little party of exploration, and had a most delightful day together. Just before us, as we came out of the Professor's blossoming garden, was the Tegner Platz, in the center of which stands the noble statue of the poet whose name and memory all Scandinavia now so tenderly cherishes. It is a finely-finished statue by Quarnström, and tne head and face seemed to me especially noble, the perfect realization of a grandly poetic nature—intense, vigorous, unfettered, aspiring, infinitely tender. Although Tegner's name in this part of the world is a household word, and although his poems have been widely translated, yet there are probably very many to whom his name has a strange sound. He was born in 1782, the son of a Swedish clergyman. He lost his father early in life, and seems to have, when a mere boy, done much to aid himself. He developed, along with a rare poetic genius and an intense love of nature, a remarkable ability for acquiring languages. He studied at Lund, where afterwards he became instructor and then Professor of Greek. As a pastor, and later Bishop, he is well known; but he will live in history as the poet of Sweden, and especially as the author of "Frithyof's Saga." I shall have occasion to speak of this poem at another time in describing the scenes where tradition relates that the hero and heroine of this Northern Saga lived and died, the glorious Sogne Fjord, on the west coast of Norway, and hence will not attempt to give any outline of it here, but would only say, if any one desires to breathe the fresh, bracing air of this North land, to catch glimpses of Northern skies red with the glow of the strange Northern lights, to walk among forests of murmuring pines, and to breast the waves of Northern seas, to live over again the wild heroic days of the Northmen, let him read this most beautiful, melodious poem, this exquisitely musical saga, the story of the love and life of the hero Frithyof and the lovely maiden Ingeborg. It was pleasant indeed to have the grandson of the poet to do the honors of the house where for so many years the poet had lived. The house, standing on one of the side streets of the town, is now the principal "shrine" of Lund for the traveler. From all parts of the world come visitors to these little rooms, with their low, old-fashioned ceilings, to see the few relics which still remain of the poet. An important collection of translations of the "Saga" constitutes one of the most interesting objects to be seen. These are in many languages, and, if I remember correctly, there are something like eighteen translations in English, and the same number, if not more, in German. It would be a pleasure to see it in Hawaiian! I missed one thing which I had hoped to see, and which I think Longfellow somewhere refers to—the old study *floor!* I wonder that this most poetic souvenir has not been preserved, and that something new and modern has been put in its place. Tegnir was in the habit of pacing up and down his room as he composed, and at the point where he turned, the floor had been so worn away that a little depression had been made. This certainly was the materialization of poetry—as if the working, thinking brain and the singing or sorrowing heart above had left their impress on the very way the poet's feet had trod! But now it is gone. Here we saw the books which he had used, many pictures of himself and his contemporaries, his worn writing table and other humble reminders—for the poet-professor and Bishop had here no splendid home—was here unburdened by the often genius-quenching adornments of a luxurious life. I shall long cherish the memory of our morning's visit to the poet's home, and hope that some day I may see once more this shrine (how these wayside shrines begin to illumine the way as I look back along the rambling pilgrimages I have made!) in which still lingers the warmth of a poet's life and heart. But would it ever be quite so delightful in other company? Not far away from this spot is the ancient Cathedral of Lund, once the Metropolitan Church of all Scandinavia, erected in the 11th and 12th centuries. Singular wood carvings adorn the choir, and there is an atmosphere of antiquity, a union of stately plainness with a richness of adornment in the interior which is very interesting. The crypt beneath the Cathedral is excessively odd. There is a very great deal of stone carving, no two pillars alike, and there are many elaborate monuments to archbishops. I was particularly struck by a singular reminder of an old tradition which is perpetuated here in two of the stone pillars. The story runs that the heathen giant Finn and his wife endeavored to prevent the building of this Christian temple on Scandinavian soil, and that they were finally overcome and turned into stone by the holy Saint Lawrence. Two of the columns are rudely carved in shape of the giant and his heathenish companion, and these wild shapes seem, through the ages, out of their cramped and stony imprisonment, to dumbly and yet fiercely protest against the aggressions of the new faith. One is constantly reminded here of the old beliefs which lingered and warred so long. Some such scarred, weird reminder as this seems often to lie along our way. The University of Lund is much smaller than that of Upsala, but it is an important institution for Sweden. The library contains many thousand volumes and numerous manuscripts. We enjoyed much visiting the University buildings, which our friends, the Professors, so kindly showed us, especially the large hall where the students assemble and where many of their entertainments are given, the walls being covered with portraits of former instructors. The students are here, as in Upsala, divided into "nations," that of Skane being by far the largest.

I should indeed be omtting to speak of one of the pleasantest features of this pleasant day should I fail to make mention of our charming dinner together at the Botanic Gardens. What a wonderful world-brotherhood there is after all, and how much dearer this common fellowship of sympathy, tastes, feelings, aspirations grows to be as we meet people of all nations! We were young men together, with much of sympathy in our lives and aims, and though we had known one another but a few hours, our real acquaintance seemed of much longer duration. And then, to give just the requisite grace and charm to our gathering, there was the sweet young wife of our friend, a bride of a few days, whose gentle, innate dignity seemed to fit her rarely for the position to which her husband had brought her, and in which I fondly trust she may remain through many, very many brightening years. How the pleasant table-talk went round in German and English! We all had lived in Germany, that land unsurpassed for study and inspiration; and then there were a few words spoken in Finnish (the bride is from Finnland) just to show us how it sounded. My knowledge of Finnland and Finnish culture was somewhat vague. You know sometimes we feel a little piqued that dwellers in other lands show such a lamentable ignorance about our sunny islands and the progress which has been made there; but I scarcely think we could give much of an idea of the state of culture in Finnland; and yet here is a charming lady sitting next me, the very embodiment of a gentle and deep culture, who says to me, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, that it is expected of an educated Finnish lady that she should speak four or five different languages! And then she goes on to tell me of the poetry of Finnland, of the life there, society, etc., so that before it is time for dessert an entirely new idea has dawned upon me in reference to this land at the North. But even cozy and agreeable dinners must have an end. And as we separated—our Swedish friends to their homes and work, and we to further travel—I think there was a very sincere and hearty ring in the "*Auf wiederschen*" we exchanged. A few hours by rail and channel and we were safely back again in Copenhagen, just as the evening lamps were being lighted. Few days of my life have been more satisfactory than this, spent in the past and present of this little University town, so that, in recalling these pleasant hours and the cordial and warm hospitality of our friends, I feel as if this Swedish holiday excursion was indeed worthy of being marked in my calendar with a "red letter."

The monthly letter of our European Correspondent is shorter than usual this month, and we copy the following paragraphs from private letters:

BERLIN, January 12th.

Of late the theme of conversation has been the weather, and with reason. We are having the pleasantest of winters, with plenty of snow and firm ice for those who skate. This last week has been, in its winter glory and beauty, something long to remember. The "Thier Garden," as I

walked through it the other day, was more like a place of enchantment than a leafless forest on the borders of a busy city. Every twig was silvered and gleamed in the sunshine. Imagine, if you can, a diamond forest. The skating is attracting many, and the sleigh-bells fill the air with their merry music.

On Thursday last I came home from Mecklenburg. Up to the very last we had such a pleasant time. The journey I enjoyed very much, for it gave me an opportunity of seeing the picturesque, quaint and extremely interesting old Hanseatic town of Rostock, with its University and monument to Blucher, who was born here, and also of spending an hour in Schwerin, the capital of Mecklenburg, where I saw the beautiful castle of the reigning Grand Duke, one of the finest edifices in North Germany.

Feb. 17th.—In the pleasantest sense of the term we have the Carnival season just now, and this lasts until Lent puts an end to the many entertainments and merry-makings The Court has gone out of mourning, and the Court festivities began some little time ago with the "Schleppencan," or grand opening reception, when the ladies appear in their long Court trains and the Court presentations are made. I have described to you before the Schloss and other entertainments there, so you know already something of these scenes, which are repetitions of last year's festivities, but always most brilliant and interesting. At the Court reception, the Emperor and Empress received in the Hall of the Knights, a most beautiful apartment, one of the many rooms which are thrown open on such an evening. The Hawaiian Representative stood next to Mr. Everett, now acting as American Charge d'Affaires since Mr. Taylor's death. The Emperor and Empress were most gracious and kind. She wore a long train of dark red velvet bordered with fur, and about the shoulders was much of the same brown fur, studded here and there with great diamonds, and the under-dress, from which the train swept away, was in white and silver. The diamonds which she wore on her neck, head and breast were most grand and dazzling. The Emperor still wears his wounded hand in a sling (a mute reminder of that wild, tragical, almost disastrous day last June), but looks remarkably well, so bright and genial, smiling on every one. There is something wonderfully sweet and attractive in his old age. After the Emperor and Empress pass through the different apartments, welcoming their guests and receiving the new-comers to Court, all retire to the White Saloon, where stately lackies in gorgeous liveries pass around tea, ices, creams and sherbets (for at the drawing-room there is no supper). Then comes the beautiful Court concert. The leading singers of the opera and the best of choruses have already taken their places on a stage erected at one end of the hall. Oh, such music!—the choicest, the rarest you can possibly imagine, and then amid such surroundings—the glory and sheen and magnicence of this Imperial Court.

A few days after followed the first Court ball, very much the same as that of which I sent you a description last year. The Empress was splendid in long white brocade dress, with a broad red band near the bottom and running up in front, sown in beautiful coral pattern with large white pearls. The dresses of the ladies at this ball were unusually gorgeous and fine. The Russian ladies are always the most elegant. The suppers at Court are something splendid. On one table was an elaborate centre-piece representing a windmill—perhaps the old windmill famous in the history of Frederick the Great, at Potsdam.

On Thursday, Parliament was opened in most impressive style in the White Saloon by the Emperor in person. Every one was in grand uniform. The Emperor stood under the dais with the Crown Prince, and made his speech in a full, clear voice, but in which the quaver of his advanced age came now and then. Bismarck was present —grand and imposing in his white uniform. He is growing old, but will to the end, I think, look like the wonderful man he is. The "Reichstag" promises to have a lively session this season. Bismarck's Parliamentary soirees on Saturday evenings have already begun, but the Diplomatic Corps are unfortunately not invited. It is much harder to get a sight at Bismarck than at the Emperor. You may have seen a translation of a book which has made much talk in Germany of late, written and compiled by a former secretary of Bismarck, in reference to the great statesman during the Franco-Prussian war. It is already translated into English, and will shortly appear in French —a book which does not represent Bismarck as wholly infallible. As I said, the opening of the Parliament was very impressive. The Emperor was announced with all his titles by some one acting as herald, and greeted with loud cheers by the assemblage. As he placed his helmet on his head, just before reading his opening speech, you could see that it was done with much difficulty, his wounded hand and arm having not fully recovered their old strength and vigor. Something almost like a murmur of sympathy ran through the spacious hall as this was noticed. As he left the throne he was repeatedly cheered, which he acknowledged by bowing to right and left.

Feb. 25th.—The Carnival season is now drawing to a close, and it will be pleasant to settle down again to quiet, studious ways. Last evening there was a large gathering at the Italian Embassy—a very brilliant and beautiful affair. The Emperor and Empress were present for a portion of the evening. This evening the last Court ball will take place at the Schloss; and on Thursday the Princess Louisa, grand-niece of the Emperor, will hold a farewell reception before going to England to be married to Prince Arthur

Feb. 26th.—The ball last evening was a very splendid affair. In the midst of all its brilliancy, I enjoyed nothing more than a pleasant, quiet talk with Prof. Mommsen, the famous historian, of whose History of Rome you have heard. He is rather an old gentleman, with long streaming gray hair; and another interesting chat was with Berthold Auerbach, the celebrated novelist, who is pleased that his novels, "On the Heights" and "Villa on the Rhine," are read in Honolulu. I send his autograph, written on his visiting card, which he gave me the other evening.

At a similar entertainment at their private Palace, last Thursday, which was very beautiful, my especial delight was in the softly lighted conservatory, with its white statues, beautiful palms and ferns. I was much pleased to see in one of the Empress's apartments a small case of pink Micronesian coral.

I am just now meeting a great many literary, artistic, musical people, who, as you know, have always had very much of a fascination for me. On Monday evenings Herr and Frau Dohm receive their friends—a large and brilliant gathering of literateurs, etc.—and where I have been made to feel I am a welcome guest. Herr Bohm is one of the editors of the "Kladderadatsch." His wife has written much, especially in reference to the cause of woman in Germany. They are most genial, kindly-hearted people, and gather a brilliant circle about them.

On Saturday evening I was invited, with Professor and Mrs. Whitney, to a most interesting evening gathering at the home of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Davies. This is quite another phase of life from that to which I have just referred. The former represents the most brilliant, cultured, talented, literary side of German society; the latter the quiet, aristocratic, dignified, religious, and also cultured side. I enjoy seeing both. At the Davies' one meets the religious aristocracy of the city, such as Madame von Bülow, wife of the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, and Count Engelstein. My dear friends Pastor and Mrs. Frummel were also present, and the dear pastor, with his gleaming, cheerful, sunshiny face, and rich, musical voice, kept us midway between laughter and tears for nearly an hour with that wonderful gift of story-telling, in which scarcely any one in Germany excels him. His theme was that quaint old clergyman, Pastor Strauss, famed for his quaintness and originality, simple piety and rough poetry—a sort of German Spurgeon. What a delicious word-picture Pastor Frummel gave us about this old Westphalian preacher! If you ever see the "Encyclopædia Britannica," look at an article there on Berlin by Mr. Davies.

As I look through the island papers and see the notice of some unexpected death, my heart goes out in a wonderful tenderness to all who are called upon thus to mourn, and my congratulations to all the happy young couples who are getting engaged and married. I shall scarcely know Honolulu if they go on at this rate.

My room is bright and warm, though out-of-doors the snow is blowing in a rough Scandinavian sort of a way. Think how cold it must be in that winter-land, though always grand. You would laugh to see how the chubby little cherubs, sculptured on the portal of "my opposite neighbor" the church of St. Hedwig, and whose pleasant duty it is to carry through all time between them heavy wreaths of "stone" roses, stand in the drifted snow.

And now, dear people, not another word; you will think it all a Carnival, but I wanted to give you just a little picture of the season here. In the midst of it all I think I have enjoyed Old Homer as never before, this undying music of the past. The University lectures have commenced, and are now fully under way. I think I am pretty skillful in mosaicing a diplomatic and student life. * *

Berlin, Feb. 26th. Frank W. Damon.

THE FRIEND.

APRIL 1, 1879.

American Shipping and the Reciprocity Treaty.

MR. EDITOR: A few days ago I picked up an old copy of the FRIEND, which had served as a wrapper to preserve from salt water a book on its cruise among the four channels of Hawaii, and remembering that the FRIEND *always* contains something worth reading, I sat down to look it over, when my eye caught the heading "Reciprocity will enrich American merchants and shipowners." Although the article was published nearly five years ago, and long before the Treaty became a law, yet the views expressed in it struck me more forcibly than when I read them in the paper fresh from the press. It presents an argument that is generally overlooked when speaking of the Treaty. I copy a paragraph from it:

"Now, we argue that a Reciprocity Treaty will increase tenfold the number of these barks, brigs and schooners flying like shuttles between the Hawaiian Islands and the western coast of America, the natural market for our sugars, rice, bananas and other products, while our Islands form a market for manufactures and products of the United States. Last year—1873—according to Custom House returns, these Islands exported to the United States products to the value of $1,139,725.81, while imports from the United States amounted to $529,982.08. Reciprocity would quicken trade, multiply vessels laden with products of each country, and enrich not only the Hawaiian Islands but merchants and shipowners on the Coast. What the East India Islands are to Europe and the West India Islands to the Atlantic States, the Hawaiian Islands will prove to the Pacific Coast of America if commerce is increased and our products find a good market. How can we buy goods unless our products find a good market? For two hundred and more years the cities of the United States on the Atlantic Coast have been trading profitably with Cuba, Jamaica and other neighboring islands. Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities have grown rich from trade with those islands. San Francisco, Portland and others will derive similar benefits and profits from a quickened trade with the Hawaiian Islands."—FRIEND, Nov. 1874.

Knowing that there had been a large increase of late in the American shipping at the Islands, and wishing to see how large it was, I turned back to examine such data as I have by me, and found what will be interesting, if published, and very flattering to American pride. I give the tonnage and number of American vessels for the only years that I have the statistics by me—1874-6-7 and 8:

	Vessels.	Tonnage.
American vessels, including whalers, engaged in trade with Hawaii, 1874.....	95	35,294
Do. 1876.....	130	75,000
Do. 1877.....	146	90,947
Do. 1878.....	183	110,671

Here is an increase from 95 vessels, registering 35,294 tons, in 1874, to 183 vessels of 110,671 tons in 1878, showing a gain in four years of 75,377 tons; while the Hawaiian shipping has actually decreased during the same period 53 tons! Can anything show more clearly the benefit which this treaty has secured to American commerce? This is quite an important point to consider when asked "where the reciprocity comes in." Before the treaty expires, your statement predicting a "tenfold increase" may prove true.

While I have my pen in hand let me add one or two more paragraphs to illustrate the stimulating influence that this treaty has had on our foreign trade, as compared with former years:

Hawaiian imports from all countries in 1874....	$1,186,185
" " " " 1876....	1,811,770
" " " " 1877....	2,428,000
" " " " 1878....	3,046,369

Again, the trade between the United States and Hawaii exhibits a most extraordinary growth under the treaty:

Total imports from United States in 1873.....	$ 529,982
" " " " 1876.....	1,032,564
" " " " 1877.....	1,681,402
" " " " 1878.....	2,112,011*

*The total for 1878 is obtained by including imports free under the Treaty, $1,619,987.61; duty paying, $315,-416.36; bonded, $111,498.79; duty paying at Hilo and Kawaihae, $6,823.71; and one-half of the free list, $56,285.

Here we find that the trade of the United States with Hawaii has grown from $529,-982 in 1873, as stated in your article, to $2,112,011 in 1878. If to this extraordinary fourfold gain we add the freight and passage money earned by the large fleet of American vessels now carrying for us American and Hawaiian produce, which cannot be less than $400,000 per annum, we have a total of $2,510,000 derived *by American farmers, merchants and shipowners* from their trade and commerce with Hawaii, which *could not have been the case had the treaty not gone into operation!* These are facts which American statesmen can point to with pride, and which should not be overlooked by them when studying the results of the Reciprocity Treaty with Hawaii.

I was pleased to see Judge Caton's well-expressed views on the Reciprocity Treaty in point. He is a man of keen observation and large experience, and whatever he utters is reliable and impartial. The opinion of such a man, who has reached it only after thorough personal examination, will have more weight than any newspaper article published here. And it is hardly possible for any intelligent person to come to this group, and by observation learn the working of this treaty, without becoming fully convinced that it is resulting beneficially to both America and Hawaii, enriching American farmers, merchants and shipowners, and ought to become *a perpetual convention.*

Very truly yours, H. M. WHITNEY.

☞ A lecture on "Scholars and School Life in Syria" was delivered, Feb. 18th, before the Young Ladies' Free Classical and Bible College, Binghamton, N. Y., by Rev. Dr. Jessup, of Beyrut, Syria. At the close of the lecture, two young ladies of the college, recently from Jerusalem, saluted the learned lecturer in true Oriental style, conversing fluently in the Arabic language, their native tongue.

RETURN BORROWED BOOKS.—The person who borrowed Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" from the Editor will please return the same, otherwise the set will be broken.

☞ We would acknowledge three packages of Chinese publications from the Rev. L. Lechler, for the benefit of the Chinese on the Islands. They were forwarded per *Chocola*, freight-free.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE.—We are glad to learn from the "Southern Workman" and other sources that General Armstrong's efforts are wonderfully blessed. A new feature of the enterprise has been added, in gathering youth from the Indian tribes, and success crowns this effort. The following extract from a letter of Gen. A. addressed to his mother will be read with interest:

"To-day at our Communion Service, eleven Indians, full blooded, once savage, most of them implicated in cruel murders in Texas in 1874, were admitted to our Church. Their baptism was very simple and touching. They had been well proved. Our effort for Indians here is in the line of a most remarkable chain of events. It is an interesting and wonderful experience. I have just raised $10,000 for a new building for them, and must get $6,000 more for a new workshop. Probably Pres. Hopkins, of Williams College, with his wife and daughter, will come and stay two months with us this summer, while Will and his family go north. It will be pleasant."

REV. E. B. TUTHILL.—This clergyman, pastor of the Congregational Church in Martinez, Cal., came to the Islands about one year ago for his health. Oahu College needing a teacher about that time, he rendered temporary and satisfactory assistance. During the summer he spent a few weeks in Hawaii, but returning he settled down to quiet study in Honolulu, where few knew how he was employed; but incidentally we learned that he was investigating the "fish" caught by the native fishermen and exposed for sale in the market. He informed us that he had minutely examined and taken notes upon 94 species. More than one-half of this number he had copied or painted, thus catching the marvelous and varied colors of these many strange varieties of fish. A person who has examined his drawings expresses his surprise at his wonderful success. We hope this retiring and modest student of nature may be rewarded by some society anxious to make a collection. We are not aware that Mr. Tuthill has preached more than twice on the Islands, as his health prevented him from accepting invitations. Twice, however, he consented to occupy the Bethel pulpit, and we feel quite confident his audience on those occasions will not soon forget his sermons on "Jonathan's Armor-bearer" and "becoming partakers of the Divine nature." These were not ordinary sermons. We trust that with renewed health and reinvigorated strength he may reach San Francisco and be able to resume his pastoral and ministerial labors, having recently left in a sailing vessel.

MRS. AHEONG AND FOUR CHILDREN.—In 1870, Mr. Aheong, who had officiated as colporteur among his countrymen on the Islands, returned to China, accompanied by his Hawaiian wife and three children. He died about two years ago, and now the Hawaiian Board of Immigration has paid the passages of the widow and her children from China to Honolulu, per the *Crusader*.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Whitney's Journal.

GERMAN MAN-OF-WAR—TEMPERANCE—ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY, ETC.

It has been our privilege to peruse the Journal of these most excellent missionaries, residing at Ebon, Marshall Islands. It was written for friends in the United States, but allowed to be read by friends of missions in Honolulu. It details the labors of the missionaries from day to day, and almost from hour to hour. It relates to domestic affairs, labors in printing and correcting proof-sheets, schools, preaching, sickness, loneliness, arrivals of vessels, condition of the people, lights and shadows of everyday missionary life. Perhaps our interest in the journal has been heightened from the fact that it reminds us of the departure of Dr. Pierson and his wife from Honolulu on board the bark *Belle*, Captain Handy, in May, 1855, on an exploring voyage. At that time voyagers were afraid to land upon those islands, as so many visitors and sailors had been cut off. Now, how changed the scene! Under date of Dec. 2d, 1878, Mrs. Whitney writes as follows:

"School was to begin Dec. 2d, but was put off by a 'Sail, ho!' The sail proved to be the German man-of-war *Ariadne*, bringing us a glad surprise in the shape of a home mail. There were very interesting letters from several of our friends, some of whom had not written by the *Morning Star*. We are puzzled to know how this mail had come, as the *Ariadne* was from Samoa. The probability is that an agent of Hernsheim & Co., who was at Honolulu, took the mail to Sydney for us, knowing he might have a chance to send it this way. The *Ariadne* had been to Jaluij and made a treaty with the chiefs Kabua and Lotoblui. One thing was very encouraging—the decided stand which the Captain took for temperance. He said he would not recognise as a chief a habitual drunkard. I wish that rule could be applied to office-holders everywhere."

"DEC. 9.—We had a visit from our neighbors, Mr. Foster, his son and daughter. Mr. F. is living about one mile away, an agent for Capelle & Co. He was formerly U. S. Consul at Samoa. It is quite a new thing to have a white lady for a neighbor who is not a missionary. We had nearly 30 scholars in school. I think we have never had a school more interested than during this term. There seemed to be some religious interest among the pupils. A number have begun to take part in the meeting."

"JAN. 11, 1879.—Before I forget it, let me me ask if you all take the *Illustrated Christian Weekly?* Of course you do, if you know what it is. *I am not afraid to pronounce it the best paper in the United States*—certainly the best I have ever been acquainted with. If any of you do not take it you had better subscribe at once, even if you have to give up all your other papers. The price is $2.50 a year, in advance; clergymen $2. Address the Agent, Am. Tract Society, 150 Nassau st., N. Y."

We copy the following as a hint to those putting up supplies for missionaries:

"The *Morning Star* remained two weeks. My husband spent a good deal of his time between sessions of general meeting in *soldering*. We have for several years had our flour come in 50-pound tins, put up in San Francisco. The tins are all boxed, two in a box, and ought to come perfectly good. Last year we found some of the tins not perfectly closed. A crack large enough for the end of a knife blade is sufficient to give the insects a chance to begin their work. Warned by the experience of last year, my husband opened all the boxes this year and examined the tins. Of the white flour not a single tin was tight. Of the oatmeal, wheat, etc., put up in the same way, but in smaller tins, a large proportion had cracks in them. I have learned better than to worry about such matters. We shall be provided for in some way, even if the whole shall prove worthless, which it will not. My husband has soldered and puttied and painted the tins, until I think they will keep as good as they are now. We may have to throw away some. I so wish the man or men who do the soldering for ——— could be converted."

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Mar 2—Am schr Venus, Dodd, 27 days from Humboldt
3—Am schr Western Home, Johnson, from San Francisco via Kahului
5—Am topsail schr W H Meyer, Williams, 22 days from San Francisco
6—Am bk H W Almy, Freeman, 18 days fm San Fran
7—H I R M clipper Djiguitt, de Livron, 42 days from Valparaiso
9—Am ship Robert Dixon, Osgood, en route to Baker's Island, anchored outside
15—Am wh bk Hunter, Homan, from cruise, off and on
16—Am wh bk Fleetwing, Heppingstone, from Home and cruise, 400 sperm, 300 whale.
18—Am stmr City of Sydney, Dearborn, from Sydney.
20—Bolivian schr John Bright, Mills, 54 days from Kingsmill Group.
21—Am bgtn Nautilus, McIsaac, 24 days fm Raiatea.
21—Brit bk Chocola, Kenneth, 98 days fm Hongkong
25—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, from San Francisco
28—Am bk D C Murray, Frost, 27 days frm S Francisco
28—Am bktne Monitor, Emerson, 29 days fm Humboldt
28—Am schr Rosario, Douglass, 27 days fm S Francisco
28—Am schr Jos Woolley, Briggs, 26 days from Guano Islands
28—Am ship Springfield, Peart, 24 days from Hiogo, Japan
29—Am bk Martha Davis, Benson, from Boston
29—Am bktne Eureka, Nordberg, from San Francisco
29—Am bktne Jos Perkins, Johnson, from Port Gamble
31—Am bk Crusader, ——, from Hongkong
April 1—Am stmr Alaska, from sea in distress

DEPARTURES.

Mar 1—Am bktne J A Falkinburg, Hubbart, fr Portland, O
1—Haw bgtne Violet, Anderson, for Elice Island
3—Raiatea schr Vivid, English, for Fanning's Island
4—Am schr Western Home, Johnson, for Humboldt
4—Am bktne Ella, Brown, for San Francisco
5—Am topsail schr Eustace, Boie, for San Francisco
6—Am bark Camden, Robinson, for Port Gamble
15—Am sh Robt Dixon, Osgood, for Baker's Island
16—Am topsail schr W H Meyer, Williams, for San Francisco.
15—Am bktne Grace Roberts, Olsen, for San Francisco.
17—Am wh bk Hunter, Homan, for Arctic Ocean.
18—Haw bark Liliu, O'Brien, for Port Madison.
19—Am stmr City of Sydney, Dearborn, for San Fran
22—Brit bk Lady Lampson, Marston, for San Francisco
23—Am schr Venus, Dodd, for San Francisco
26—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, for Sydney
26—Haw bgtne Pomare, Gooding, for Ookala, Hawaii
28—Am bktne Discovery, Fuller, for San Francisco

PASSENGERS.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per Zelie, Feb 26—Geo Grey.

FOR SYDNEY—Per City of New York, Feb 26—S Tickell, A Clay, A Brandt, C Gray.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per Bonanza, Feb 27—W G Long and wife.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Discovery, Feb 28—Morrill P Stein, J Murray, J Hamilton, P Harrison, E Claflin, J Emmeluth, J Berry, P Smith.

From San Francisco, per City of New York, Feb 26—J T Arundel, H Morrison, J Davidson, Miss Lottie Alexander, Miss Mary Hopper, W D Alexander, S F Alexander, C C Fallenius, Mrs C Fallenius, Rev Beissel, Rev Poiried, Rev Panlin, Mrs J F Thompson, 2 children and servant, Mrs E Macfarlane, A Jaeger and wife, Miss M A Perry, Capt B Dexter and wife, S Prenschoff, Mrs G P Gordon, H D Van Wyke, R Corington, Mrs R Corington, Mr Niece, G B Bishop, C H Bishop, H Hawley, Mrs H Hawley, N Bumpus, Miss H E Carpenter, Mrs M E Butler, Mrs M A Hall, Mrs D Moore, 29 in steerage, and 119 Chinese.

From Micronesian Islands, per Morning Star, Feb 26—Mrs C A Sturgis, Mrs J Bray, N Gregor, R Maka, Mary Maka, K Kanoa.

For Fanning's Island—Per Vivid, Mar 3—A Houlder, A F Houlder, T A Thrum.

For San Francisco—Per Ella, Mar 4—J Connor, J Sullifford, F Goll.

For San Francisco—Per Eustace, Mar 5—Capt Sweet.

From San Francisco—Per W H Meyer, Mar 5—D Norton, D McNeill, C E Maron, and 7 Chinese.

From San Francisco—Per H W Almy, Mar 6—J Lemon, W Bohn, G Googh, H Niehns.

For San Francisco, per Grace Roberts, March 15—Geo H White, wife and 2 children, Mrs Downer.

For Port Townsend, per Liliu, March 18—J Buick.

From Australia—Per City of Sydney, Mar 18—Miss M N Shaun, W Phillips, F Phillips, W E Mark, Agnes English, W Robertson wife and 3 children, J Crother.

For San Francisco, per City of Sydney, March 19—Miss Woolworth, Miss Butterfield, Mrs J H Black, Mrs Berrill and son, C H Judd, Mrs G P Gordon, M D van Wyke, C C Follenius and wife, G C Beckley, W P Mason and wife, P A Ames, W H Williams, P B Brannen, C R Bishop, Mrs A A Sturges, J Davidson, D McNeill, J Quinlan, Wm Butler, G W Macfarlane, A Birch, F Short, F Sievert, W H Place, M F Sullivan, Miss Dietz, J J O'Malley, G W Hoffmann, T Duff, F E Mason, T Bourke.

For San Francisco—Per Lady Lampson, Mar 22—E B Tuthill.

For San Francisco—Per Discovery, March 28—N A Jacobson, R Burnett, C Smith, A Wilks, Wong Lung.

From Humboldt—Per Monitor, March 28—G A Dauphing, H C Thompson.

From San Francisco—Per Rosario, March 28—W Willett, J N Mackee, T Ferrell.

From Guano Islands—Per Jos Woolley, March 28—Captain Briggs and wife, Jos McGuire, Jas Douglass, W Earle, and 10 natives.

From San Francisco—Per D C Murray, March 28—W Godfrey, J Lyons, W Sherman and mother, C Moury, J A Sampson, Miss Booth, C B Hopkins, W McElvay, S J Hall, D N Shofer, J Neill, and 32 Chinamen.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Zealandia, March 26th—J Sessions, J W Sessions, R T Walbridge, Mrs R M Overend, Mrs C E Williams, B Cogan, Mrs J H Sumpson, Mrs H M Whitney, Mrs S D Hubbert and wife, E B Lapham, W M Barnes, D L Giffard, W H Bailey, B C Kurtz, T J Newton, T Dixon, N F Remington, Mrs W L Wilcox, Mrs E P Adams, A Millard, J Hale, W Cogswell and wife, R N Housman, Jas Peake, J J Wenant, F M Witt, J C Glade, J N Wright, D Manton, Miss S Carrigan, G P Scriven, Mrs D Sears, A W Smith, Miss E Goodall, J G Gilfillen and wife, J Watson and wife, Mrs J E Carroll, A W Edwards, J Rutter, M Francisco, W Reinhardt, C Garson, T Lindsay, W Robson, Mrs Williams, M Tarpey and 92 Chinamen.

MARRIED.

CARLSON—DONNELL—In this city, March 1st, by Rev. H. H. Parker, Mr. CHARLES F. CARLSON to Miss EMILY T. DONNELL, all of Honolulu.

LUCAS—HUDDY—In this city, March 15th, by the Rev Father Hermann Kockeman, Mr THOMAS R LUCAS to Miss LYDIA HUDDY, both of Honolulu.

SILVA—MAME—In Honolulu, March 6th, by Rev. S. C DAMON, JOHN R. SILVA, jr., to MAME, both of Oahu.

DIED.

RICHARDSON—In this city, on the 9th March, at his residence on Chaplain street, IRA RICHARDSON, aged 62 years and 6 months.

ANDREWS—At her residence in Nuuanu avenue, on the 10th March, MARY A. ANDREWS, relict of the late Judge Andrews, aged 75 years.

PRESCOTT—At Kohala, Hawaii, on the 12th inst., of consumption, F. PRESCOTT, aged 42 years.

AYLETT.—In this city, March 15th, CATHERINA MARY ANN, youngest daughter of the late John Aylett, aged 12 years 11 months and 22 days.

KIPI.—At Hilo, on the Island of Hawaii, on the 10th of March, Samuel Kipi, aged 53 years 10 months and 7 days

AKONG—In this city, March 28th, AKONG, a native of China, aged 51 years. Deceased was the proprietor of the International Hotel.

GLADE—In Honolulu, Sabbath evening, March 30th, JOHANNA, aged three months, infant twin-daughter of J. C. and ALEXANDRA GLADE.

Origin of a Well Known Hymn.

We have always taken much interest in reading incidents, connected with the origin of many well known and oft-sung hymns. That commencing, "I love to steal awhile away," by the late Mrs. Brown of Munson, Massachusetts, is worthy of record. The following letter from her son, the Rev. S. R. Brown, D. D. of Yokohama, will be read with interest:

YOKOHAMA, JAN. 27TH, 1879.

DEAR DR. DAMON—

You ask me to give you some account of my mother's hymn, the first line of which was "I love to steal awhile away." I have seen several notices of the origin of that hymn, but never one that was accurate in its details. I have often heard the story from my dear mother's lips, in my youth, and in late years have frequently thought it might be my duty as her only son, to give to the public the information I possessed respecting the circumstances under which she wrote that hymn. I now have before me my mother's antobiography in manuscript written at the urgent request of her children at Chicago, Ill., in 1849, and I can not do better than to copy from it, her own account of the occasion that induced her to write in her journal the verses, which have since been published in many hymn-books, and sung by thousands in whose hearts they awakened emotions that are common to devout hearts. When she wrote them, she had not the remotest idea that they would even be printed, or be seen by any but her children, perhaps, should they survive her.

You will observe that she speaks of Nathan Whiting of New Haven, Conn., as her brother. When my mother was 18 years old, (having been left an orphan before she was two years of age) she was sought out by Mr. Nathan Whiting's father of Canaan, Columbia Co. N. Y., where she was born, and received in to his family as a daughter. There she was treated with the greatest kindness, an experience to which she had been a stranger for many years, and there she made a profession of her faith in Christ. She always cherished the most greatful and affectionate remembrance of the Whiting family, to the day of her death. I will now transcribe an extract from her manuscript. She says:

"I had while living in East Windsor," (to which place she removed soon after her marriage in 1805), kept a kind of diary and continued it in Ellington, Conn. I wrote several scraps of poetry in Ellington, which were published by my brother Nathan Whiting, in the *Religious Intelligencer* at New Haven, Conn. It was in Ellington that I wrote the Twilight Hymn. My baby daughter was in my arms when I wrote it. I had been out on a visit at Dr. Hyde's and several were present. After tea one of my neighbors who, I had ever felt was my superior in every way, came and set down near me, chatting with another lady without noticing me. Just as I was rising to go home, she turned suddenly upon me, and said, Mrs. Brown, why do you come up at evening so near our house, and then go back without coming in? If you want anything why don't you come in and ask for it? I could not think who it was, and sent my girl down the garden to see, and she said it was you, that you came to the fence, but seeing her turned quickly away, muttering something to yourself. There was something in her manner more than her words that grieved me. I went home, and that evening was left alone. After my children were all in bed except my baby. I set down in the kitchen with my child in my arms, when the grief of my heart burst forth in a flood of tears, I took pen and paper, and gave vent to my oppressed heart in what I called "My apology for my twilight rambles, addressed to a lady." It will be found in its original form, in an old manuscript among my papers. In preparing it (some years after) for "Nettleton's Village Hymns," some three or four verses were suppressed, and a few expressions altered in the original the first stanza was

I love to steal awhile away
From little ones and care, &c.

This was strictly true, I had four little children, a small unfinished house, a sick sister in the only finished room, and there was not a place above or below where I could retire for devotion, without a liability to be interrupted. There was no retired room, rock or grove, where I could go as in former days, but there was no dwelling between our house and the one where that lady lived. Her garden extended down a good way below her house which stood on a beautiful eminence. The garden was highly cultivated with fruits and flowers. I loved to smell the fragrance of both, though I could not see them, when I could do so without neglecting duty, and I used to steal away from all within doors, and going out of our gate, stroll along under the elms that were planted for shade on each side of the road, and as there was seldom any one passing that way after dark, I felt quite retired and alone with God. I often walked quite up that beautiful garden and snuffed the fragrance of the peach, the grape, and the ripening apple, if not the flowers. I never saw any one in the garden, and felt that I could have the privilege of that walk and those few moments of uninterrupted communion with God without encroaching upon any one. But after once knowing that my steps were watched and made the subject of remark and censure, I never could enjoy it as I had done. I have often thought Satan had tried his best to prevent me from prayer by depriving me of a place to pray."

Thus, my dear friend, you have my mother's own account of the way in which that hymn came to be written. I may add that this production of my beloved mother's pen became public property some years after it was written through the Rev. Dr. Nettleton's calling upon my mother in Monson, Mass., for some hymns to be printed in the "Village Hymn-book" that he was then preparing to publish. She gave him this, and I believe three others, which may be found there by any one who has a copy of the book. Mine, with all the books, tales and poems written by my mother, was burned up in 1867, when my house at Yokohama was destroyed by fire and my entire library was lost. I remember the first lines of some of the hymns, e. g.:

"As once the Saviour took his seat,
Attracted by His fame,"

founded on the interview of Christ with the woman of Samaria.

"Welcome, ye hopeful heirs of heaven,"

was written on the occasion of a large accession of converts to the church of which Rev. Dr. Ely was the pastor in Monson.

There was also, I think, a morning prayer meeting hymn, beginning, "How sweet the melting lay."

My mother published a book entitled "Tales of Real Life," whose publication I superintended in New York between 1832 and 1835; also another called "The Village School," which was a smaller volume, descriptive of the work of Divine grace in the only school she ever taught, I believe, in Canaan, N. Y. She wrote many articles for the *Religious Intelligencer*, of which Dea. N. Whiting, of New Haven, was the proprietor and editor for many years. She also contributed a good many short poems to the same paper and to others. Several times she wrote the New Year's "Carrier's Address" for the *N. Y. Observer*. She wrote a good many tales of real life, depicting a variety of most thrilling scenes through which she passed in early life.

But my mother never went to school from the time she was nine years old till she was eighteen. Those were years of intense and cruel suffering. Had she not been possessed of a heroic spirit she would have been utterly crushed and ruined by what she was compelled to endure. At eighteen years of age she went to school three months in Cloverach, N. Y., in a common school. Then and there she learned to write. Previous to this she could not write her own name. At the end of the three months she was graduated, and never went to school again. The tale of her early life which she has left her children, and which I have but lately had sent me from Chicago, is a narrative of such deprivations, cruel treatnent and toil as it breaks my heart to read. But she came out of the furnace as gold tried in the fire, and was such a mother, such a wife, such a member of society, and withal such an energetic and widely useful Christian woman, as to have left her memory embalmed in many other hearts than those of her children. A month ago I received a sprig and clover blossom from her grave in Monson, sent me from a gentleman in Walton, N. Y., who always visits her grave when he goes to Monson, his birth-place, because he cannot forget his teacher, having been a member of an infant class she taught there for many years. It was a large class, and she prepared lessons for them that were published by the Massachusetts Sunday School Society. But excuse me; I had not intended to say all these things about my darling, blessed mother when I began to write. Her record is on high, and she is with the Lord, whom she loved and served as faithfully as any person I ever knew—nay, more than any other. To her I owe all I am, and if I have done any good in the world, to her, under God, it is due. She seems, even now, to have me in her hands, holding me up to work for Christ and His cause with a grasp that I can feel. I ought to have been and to be a far better man than I am, having had such a mother.

She and all my father's family have gone

to their rest. I only remain, and I pray God that my remaining life, be it longer or shorter, may be a walking in her footsteps who gave me birth and consecrated me to God.

But I must lay down my pen; it is late in the evening, and I must mail this letter for the steamer that goes to-morrow morning at daylight.

Yours, etc., S. R. BROWN.

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Sabbath school at 9½ A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kawaiahao. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

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To the Planters and Foreign Residents.

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VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE SOLICITED in aid of Christian Chinese to purchase land and build a Church in Honolulu to worship Almighty God in their own language. The call for a Church comes from themselves.

Pledges are invited, to be paid on or before the 10th of January, 1880, which will be received by Mr. Joseph B. Atherton, the Treasurer, Mr. Gookim, or Mr. Ascu.

Funds can also be remitted to Bishop & Co., Bankers, for account of Chinese Church Building Fund.

JOHN THOMAS WATERHOUSE.

January 1st, 1879. d28 6m

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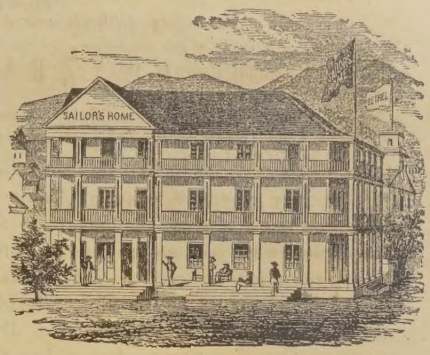

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Honlulu, January 1, 1875. *Manager.*

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A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO Temperance, Seamen, Marine and General Intelligence

PUBLISHED AND EDITED BY

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Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

Even those followers of Christianity whose fear of "doing evil that good may come" leads them to a rigid and intolerant adhesion to what they regard as essential doctrine, and those whose sense of the importance of the inspired word will not permit them to find excuses for various readings of what they consider should be verbally believed, must look hopefully to the period when differences of creed in Christendom will cease and true catholic unity will prevail.

But if we cannot all yet regard each other as being entirely right, we shall surely do no harm and may help towards much good by seeking to walk in unity and to help one another as far as possible. It is a hopeful sign for the Christian world that religious intolerance, instead of being regarded as in past periods in the light of a high virtue and a mark of sanctity, should now be rejected by so many and deplored by those even who cannot be tolerant without in their honest belief sacrificing principle.

We have read with interest two paragraphs in a recent New York paper, one referring to the visit to that city of the Dean of Westminster, the other speaking of the "Quaker poet" Whittier.

The *Tribune* speaks of the Dean as follows:

"He has maintained his own opinions, but he has scrupulously respected the honest opinion of others. He has been listened to by great crowds of all denominations and has kept their attention without the least resort to rhetorical tricks or sensational expedients. If he is not a great pulpit orator, he is something better and rarer—a great pulpit teacher, provoking thought, disseminating knowledge and exciting earnest inquiry. The mind with which the Dean has been regarded is to be read in the addresses which he has received from several classes of Christians. The Baptists expressed the feeling of all others when they spoke to him not merely of his learning and his printed works, but of 'the uniformly genial and loving treatment which it is his wont to mete out to men of all Christian fellowship as well as to those of his own.' One of the chief lessons, we may be permitted to say, which the presence of Dean Stanley has given us, is that of the possibility of a much more harmonious relation of churches of differing professions to each other than has been common—of liberality without any latitudinarian lapse or loose indifference. To many this may seem easy enough, but perfect charity is not easy to men of strong convictions, intellectual and spiritual. We all admit its theoretical value—the visit of Dean Stanley, now so auspiciously concluded, has demonstrated that there may be a unity quite independent of creeds, and not in the least subversive of their real authority."

And the following paragraph is not less interesting:

"Mr. John G. Whittier, in the mellow Autumn of his useful and beautiful life, is frequently heard from, and whenever heard from, he gives us fresh proof, hardly needed, of the liberal sweetness of his nature. The early Quakers, we suspect, had but little fondness for the Roman Church, and George Fox would hardly have thought it consistent for any Friend to countenance even by a word the erection of a cathedral—a "steeple house," with the aggravation of a superfluous number of steeples. Mr. Whittier writes kindly when he is requested to contribute an original poem to the newspaper published at the Fair of St. Patrick's Cathedral in this city. His health, we are sure, unfortunately, will not permit him to send any new verses, but there is an old poem of his, he says, called 'The Female Martyr,' written on the death of one of the Sisters of Charity during the prevalence of cholera, which would not be inapplicable to the present time and the Christian heroines of the fever of the South. A Quaker of the seventeeth century would have written no such reply to such a request. He would have felt it to be his duty to improve the opportunity by fervently protesting against the vain and frivolous cathedral service, and indeed against the improper lady of Babylon generally. But Mr. Whittier is of too large and liberal a nature for such narrowness, which we are glad to believe is becoming less and less common among all denominations of Christians. Nobody can charge him with latitudinarianism or indifference, for he is Quaker to the very "10 mo. 17" of the date of his letter, and is rigidly orthodox as to his personal pronouns. In old times he might have been dealt with by "the high seat," but the meeting now is proud of him and loves him, and leaves him sensibly to say and to write as he pleases."

A "Prophetic Conference," so-called, was lately held in New York, composed of learned and influential clergymen of various denominations; but all imbued with the belief that the Second Advent of Christ will be "pre-millennial," that is, that Christ will soon commence a personal reign upon the earth, to be followed by a thousand years of freedom from sin among earth's inhabitants. This does not seem to be a doctrine of any practical importance—on the contrary, a phase of it called "Millerism" has proved to be a very dangerous dogma, disorganizing society and driving many to insanity. We prefer to refer all the passages of Scripture that speak of a near coming of the Lord, to the meeting of the soul with Christ at death.

With a recent writer on this subject, we think "that the true method of watching for our Lord's returning, and of hastening unto, and hastening the day, is for Christians to concentrate all their energies on the conversion of sinners, the edification of believers and the rectification and reconstruction of society on Christian principles." This is the only safe-guard from delusion, and

> "Thus, the Christian life adorning,
> Never should we be afraid;
> Should he come at night or morning,
> Early dawn, or evening shade."

An Article entitled, "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life," appeared anonamously in the Atlantic Monthly, for September. It has been extensively noticed, reviewed and replied to. It certainly draws a pretty black picture, especially where it speaks of the failing power of the church to draw and influence men. We cannot admit that its premises are verified by facts, but its deductions as to what would if the church should lose its influence in human society we must admit. The question here suggests itself, if a person of the power of thought and judgment of the writer of this article thus views the tendencies of things in a land so greatly blessed with gospel privileges and Christian civilization, may we not view with greater charity the short comings of our Hawaiian Churches and the failings of its membership?

Chinese Masonry.

We clip the following frrom a letter to the New York *Corner Stone*, written from Denver, Colorado:

"Many features of Chinese or heathen Freemasonry are similar to those of the Order in Christian lands. For instance, benevolence and mutual aid are principal objects of the organization; it has four graded degrees, the initiation ceremonies into which are thorough and peremptory; they have their grips, signs and passwords, and exact a high standard of morality from every member. One feature of the initiation is blood-spilling. From every candidate a small quantity of blood is taken and placed in a common jar. Their mode of salutation is to extend the right arm grasped at the elbow by the left hand. In handing an article to a brother it is grasped with both hands drawn in close to the body and then slowly extended towards the recipient, who also receives it in both hands, palm to palm. The Order is not exclusively Chinese, as Coon Sing informs us that in Montana and California several 'Melican men' are among the brethren, and that petitions for membership have been received from Americans in this city. The initiation fee is $35."